

Good Morning

267

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

"There'll always be a Sailor"

declares Capt. Frank H. Shaw

IF America's estimates—that only 150,000 tons of cargoes will annually be airborne to and from that enterprising country—are correct, the visionaries who see in air transport a solution to all human problems are due to receive a surprise. One hundred and fifty thousand tons per annum represents something less than the weight of mails alone carried in pre-war years, both by sea and air.

Presumably, in post-war constructive times the mail-weight of all countries will be doubled, at least; and ninety-nine per cent. of such mails will be urgent, vital, priority matter.

So that holders of shipping shares need not be in too great a hurry to unload their stocks; the sea transport of the world will have a considerable amount of business to transact for the next two decades at the least.

The simple fact is that the world's commercial freights cannot profitably be carried by air; working costs so far exceed results as to predicate an economic debacle. It probably would cost more to overhaul an aircraft capable of carrying 100 tons of freight after a 6,000-mile trip than it at present costs to overhaul a 12,000-ton cargo-carrying steamship after performing the same journey.

True, actual working costs, in so far as crew and fuel are concerned, might be much lower in the case of the air voyage, but to carry as much cargo as the ship 120 trips would have to be made; and, even if only allowing six days per trip—a conservative estimate—the aircraft would have to be ACTUALLY IN THE AIR for something like one year and three-quarters to convey an equal load an equal distance. The ship would require twenty days to perform the same duty, and, on completion, would need only perfunctory overhaul.

To steam 6,000 miles at 12 knots, a 10,000- or 12,000-tonner would consume 500 tons of fuel—cheap fuel. Her wage-bill for the round trip would, roughly, amount to £60. The pay of the aircraft crew, at a low computation, for one year and three-quarters would be approximately £1,500. They would require almost as much food as the steamer's crew.

Prime cost of a 100-ton capacity air-liner might be in the neighbourhood of £60,000; that

Moreover, to handle such overwhelming air fleets (New York alone can receive and discharge at least one hundred 12,000-ton ships in comparatively few hours under existing conditions) would mean transforming the whole country into one gigantic airfield. And the ground occupied might be used to much greater advantage in growing foodstuffs or carrying industrial plant.

The sea, which forms the ports where ships are handled, is free; it cannot be employed advantageously for other purposes than carrying ships, and adapting its shores for cargo-

THE Lord Privy Seal has announced that Britain is constructing 100-ton passenger and mail planes capable of carrying fifty passengers and two tons of mail across the Atlantic in eleven hours.

Will shipping be able to meet this kind of competition?

Frank Stuart has already told you some of the world skyway plans. They, he says, will do a great deal to oust the cargo ship.

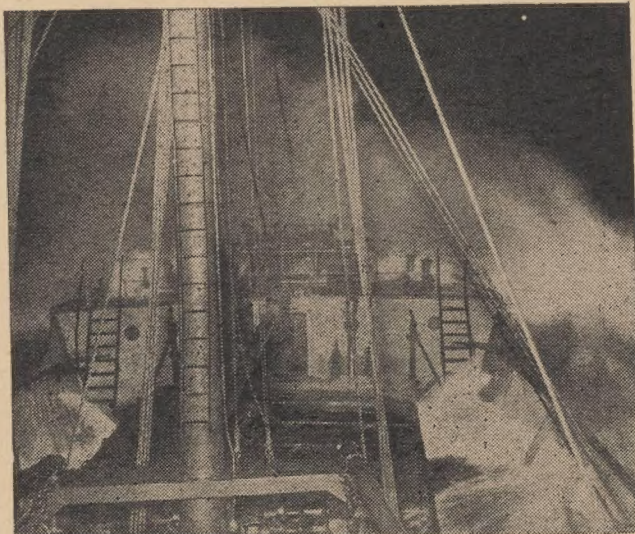
"No," answers Captain Frank H. Shaw, "they'll never beat the sea."

What's your opinion on this vital problem?

handling in no wise affects its utility.

Even despite the incredible progress made in aviation as a result of experiment and war-time operations, bad weather and fog—especially fog—interfere with schedules.

SEAWAY versus SKYWAY



port as a fleet and dumps thousands of tons of fish on the quays at one and the same time. Having attained saturation point, the air fleets would require to be laid up for varying periods—idle capital. That would mean either unemployment for the air crews, or else unproductive wages, increasing the operating companies' overheads.

Only a limited number of commodities are in such urgent demand as to call for such a headlong rush; for ordinary materials—and in the keenly competitive markets of the post-war period costs will have to be scaled down considerably—any likely profit would be swamped by transport charges.

If the air usurped the sea as a means of goods-carriage, hundreds of millions pounds' worth of docks and harbours would become obsolete—a dead loss to the nation owning them. There would also be the added cost of creating and maintaining the numerous airports required to handle traffic, and of diverting existing rail and road auxiliaries to serve the new concerns.

Consequently, compromise will have to be achieved. For the speed-loving executive, who likes the idea of lunching in London and supping in Washington, fast air-liners will undoubtedly be provided; for he can afford to pay a staggering price for the facilities granted. For the express freight—cost no object—similar fast freight-liners will run.

For the novelty-seeker, there will be intermediate air services, travelling at a semi-economical charge; but for the vast bulk of commodities the old, well-tried and usually faithful sea will retain its priority.

There may be no market for the liner-de-luxe, giving fantastic comfort and service for brief days of high-speed travel. The air will absorb such devotees as demand speed, but these form only an infinitesimal proportion of the travelling public. People go to sea for change and rest, for recreation, and the air will never supply the bracing benefit of a sea voyage, nor will it supply the friendly comradeship of salt water. In the air the tonic sea is remote.

Ten days of salty air, impregnated with boisterous

spindrift, will do far more good to an invalid than will one day of express air-travel. The 20-knot liner of a maximum of 20,000 tons is the ideal recreational ship; she can pay her way on her passengers alone, which the "Queen Mary" and similar craft never could. Too, she can carry well-paying cargo without any increase in her running costs, which is more than aircraft can do. And, at a pinch, she can handle her own freightage without calling on outside assistance.

But the ordinary cargo-steamer will be the prime factor in reconstructing civilisation, and afterwards, when the first spade-work is completed. Run at comparatively slow speed—10 to 12 knots—she is as economical a proposition as exists.

To meet the improvement in seamen's wages, her freight charges will necessarily be slightly higher than pre-war, but the keen competition certain to result from U.S. entry into the sea-carrying trade will not cause cut-throat rates to emerge; U.S. merchant ships can never be run as economically as our own, for the prime costs of building are very much lower on this side of the Atlantic. Nor need there be a shipping slump, even after the first wild rush of sea trade eases off.

An improved standard of life all over the world will mean a never-ending demand for merchandise.

It has been said that if every Chinaman added three inches to the length of his coat, the textile mills of all Great Britain would have to work overtime to meet the demand!

Chinamen will be able to afford that extra three inches—probably more; and every other starved country will need to restore itself to a standard at least equal to the immediately pre-war scale.

Millions of tons of commercial goods will cross the oceans, and every ton of sea-shipment will be employed. The air cannot deal with one thousandth part of the traffic. It can expedite the machine tools needed for reconstruction; it can transport "hurry-up" goods; but the great solid factors needed to supply the foundations of a new world-order can only be borne in ships across the tireless, economical sea.

I GET AROUND

Ron Richards' COLUMN

HAVE you ever wakened in the morning and wished there were something to drink other than intoxicating stuff? Well, if you have, here's news:—

In London there are nine "next-best" beer-parlours selling a drink which is made of malt, hops and sugar, but which is so un-intoxicating that retailers do not require a licence to sell it.

In charge of the brewing of this "next-best" beer is Mr. William Woodhead, of the Canonbury Brewery.

"Next-best" beer is just as pleasant to drink as real beer," Mr. Woodhead claims. "I think we are the only people brewing it, but it would be a good thing if more people could drink it. The Government only allow us to brew a limited amount, twenty or thirty barrels a week."

"This is supplied to greyhound tracks, unlicensed music-halls and near-beer parlours. With permission we could brew more. But licensed houses could not sell it as their brewers would not allow it."

"Next-best" beer is comparable with ginger beer, but quite as pleasant to drink as beer. We call it two per cent. beer, and its gravity of 10.16 does not come under the control of licensing authorities.

"The retailer has the advantage of being able to sell it at any hour he likes, and the drinker gets almost as much kick out of it as real beer."

I FOUND a girl who knits with her toes! I had heard of people who were all thumbs when it came to knitting—but it was the first time I'd seen anyone who was all toes.

MR. SYDNEY HODGSON entertained the Bibliographical Society recently with a lively account of his examination of 200 packets of documents in the possession of Stationers' Hall. This ancient company received its charter from Philip and Mary in 1557.

The papers Mr. Hodgson scrutinised were between 1612 and 1800. One was a 1699 tax receipt for only 8s. 9d. relating to the Act for granting to King William III the sum of £1,484,015 ls. 11½d. for disbursing the Army and providing for the Navy.

In 1680, Ald. John Norton made a bequest for an annual sermon to be given in St. Paul's, followed by cakes, ale and wine. Mr. Hodgson found a bill of £4 for fourscore dozen buns. They cost, therefore, a penny apiece. Pity times have changed.

"DIVORCE" is the theme of an article by the Bishop of Chelmsford in the Diocesan Chronicle. He writes: "We really have reached a pretty pass when the number of divorce cases is so many that a judge recommends that undefended cases should be dealt with by magistrates' courts."

"One of the most sickening features in the divorce lists is the large proportion of titled people whose names disgrace the miserable catalogue. We might have expected a decent example from them, but we get the reverse."

"The fact is that the only preventive of divorce is to make it difficult. Young and thoughtless people would not rush into marriage if it was very difficult to untie the knot."

Thanks for your advice, Bish.!



Upside-down knitter is 27-year-old Muriel Gardner. She learned acrobatics as a child in the theatre. Now she's taught her nimble toes to "handle" the knitting needles. A natty way of knitting, if I might say so!

MORE births, fewer infantile deaths, and fewer marriages—that is the story told by the Registrar-General's figures for the three months ended September 30 last.

A total of 169,348 live births was the highest for that period since 1926, and represented a birth rate of 16.2 per 1,000, while the infant mortality rate—40 per 1,000—was the lowest ever recorded.

Marriages slumped to 81,454, representing the lowest rate for this period since 1917, and 14,259 down on the 1942 quarter.

From those statistics I suppose one could work out where the Fleet was and when.

FIVE months ago a 33-year-old Glasgow mother lost her speech during a serious illness, and treatment failed to restore it or to relieve her depression.

A friend persuaded her to see the film, "The Nelson Touch," which shows how convalescent nurse our Atlantic convoys.

When she left the theatre she turned to her friend and said, "Wasn't that a fine picture?"

Her companion was astonished, and they visited the woman's doctor, who found that her speech was again normal, and likely to remain so. Medical view is that the film must have stirred some latent interest in her which restored her speech.

A Sunday-newspaper film critic said of the same film: "It left me speechless." There's human nature for you!

Ron Richards



of the freighter £120,000. Having transported 12,000 tons of freight in 120 voyages, the aircraft would be practically worn out, or at least would require such a comprehensive refit as to cost maybe half the first price; the steamer, after a wipe with an oil rag and a lick of paint here and there, would be as good as new, and capable of doing the same work for a period of thirty, forty, or even fifty years.

It will be argued that the solution is to utilise 120 aircraft and land the 12,000 tons in six days, thus saving 14 days in transit; but the cost of doing this would be phenomenally high in overhead charges, wages, fuel, and the like.

One week's continued fog—or even heavy mist—would ground the entire air fleets of any country for that period; whereas ships would be only slightly affected.

The percentage of total loss in airborne freights would also be considerably higher than in the case of freightage carried by sea; and the greater part of such loss would be total. A disabled aircraft, landing on the sea, almost invariably sinks, whereas a disabled ship can be saved, more often than not with her cargo intact.

Further, to attempt to land vast cargoes by air would mean working congestion, and a glut in the market, just as happens when a fishing fleet reaches

Murders in the Rue Morgue. By Edgar Allan Poe—Part III

No Clue to Horrible Mystery

THERE are few persons who have not at some period of their lives amused themselves in retracing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained. The occupation is often full of interest; and he who attempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and incoherence between the starting-point and the goal.

What, then, must have been my amazement when I heard the Frenchman speak what he had just spoken, and when I could not help acknowledg-

ing that he had spoken the truth.

He continued:—"We had been talking of horses, if I remember aright, just before leaving the Rue C—". This was the last subject we discussed. As we crossed into this street, a fruiterer, with a large basket upon his head, brushing quickly past us, thrust you upon a pile of paving-stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair. "You stepped upon one of the loose fragments, slipped, slightly strained your ankle, appeared vexed or sulky, muttered a few words, turned to look at the pile, and then proceeded in silence. I was not particularly attentive to what you did; but observation has become with me, of late, a species of necessity."

"You kept your eyes upon the ground—glancing, with a petulant expression, at the holes and ruts in the pavement (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stones), until we reached the little alley called Lamartine, which has been paved, by way of experiment, with the overlapping and riveted blocks. Here your countenance brightened up, and, perceiving your lips move, I could not doubt that you murmured the word 'stereotomy,' a term very affectingly applied to this species of pavement."

"I knew that you could not say to yourself 'stereotomy' without being brought to think of atomies, and thus of the theories of Epicurus; and since, when we discussed this subject not very long ago, I mentioned to you how singularly, yet with how little notice, the vague guesses of that noble Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony, I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes upward to the great nebula in Orion, and I certainly expected that you would do so."

"You did look up; and I was now assured that I had correctly followed your steps. But in that bitter tirade upon Chantilly, which appeared in yesterday's 'Musée,' the satirist, making some disgraceful allusions to the cobbler's change of name upon assuming the buskin, quoted a Latin line about which we have often conversed. I mean the line: Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum."

MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "rest" and "work") are mixed in phrase (b).

(a) RUDE RED CASTLES.
(b) TOED THE RING.

(Answers on Page 3.)

"I had told you that this was in reference to Orion, formerly written Union, and from certain puns connected with this explanation I was aware that you could not have forgotten it."

"It was clear, therefore, that you would not fail to combine the two ideas of Orion and Chantilly. That you did combine them I saw by the character of the smile which passed over your lips. You thought of the poor-cobbler's immolation. So far you had been stooping in your gait, but now I saw you draw yourself up to your full height. I was then sure that you reflected upon the diminutive figure of Chantilly. At this point I interrupted your meditations to remark that as, in fact, he was a very little fellow that Chantilly, he would do better at the Théâtre des Variétés."

Not long after this we were looking over an evening edition of the "Gazette des Tribunaux," when the following paragraphs arrested our attention:—

"Extraordinary Murders.—This morning, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of the Quartier St. Roch were aroused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing, apparently, from the fourth storey of a house in the Rue Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of one Madame

L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner, the gateway was broken in with a crowbar, and eight or ten of the neighbours entered, accompanied by two gendarmes.

"By this time the cries had ceased, but as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs, two or more rough voices in angry contention were distinguished, and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house. As the second landing was reached these sounds also had ceased, and everything remained perfectly quiet."

"The party spread themselves and hurried from room to room. Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth storey (the door of which, being found locked, with the key inside, was forced open), a spectacle presented itself which struck everyone present not less with horror than with astonishment."

"The apartment was in the wildest disorder, the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead, and from this the bed had been removed and thrown into the middle of the floor. On a chair lay a razor besmeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long and thick tresses of grey human hair, also dabbled in blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots."

"Upon the floor were found four Napoleons, an earring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of metal d'Alger, and two bags containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a bureau which stood in one corner were open, and had been apparently rifled, although many articles still remained in them."

"A small iron safe was discovered under the bed (not

WANGLING WORDS—222

1. Put a bird in HEEK and get a plant.
2. Rearrange the letters of OTHERS CHIRP and make the patron saint of travellers by water, ferrymen, and bookbinders.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BATS into BALL, ONE into SIX, WASTE into WATER, LILY into POND.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from HYPOCRITICAL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 221

1. COMpantMENT.
2. DIOGENES.
3. TIME, LIME, LINE, LINT, LIST, LOST, RIVER, ROVER, LOVER, LAVER, LATER, WATER, CAR, CAT, COT, HOT, HIT, HID, AID, AIL, OIL, FAIR, FAIL, PAIL, PALL, PALE, BALE, BARE, BARD, BIRD, GIRL, GIRL.
4. Cent, Tear, Rate, Rent, Tern, Care, Neat, Near, Rain, Rein, Tier, Rite, Tire, Nine, Time, Cant, Cart, Rant, Race, Rice, Cite, Cran, etc. Crane, Train, Cairn, Trace, Trice, Crate, Eaten, etc.

MEDITERRANEAN PORTS

Guess the name of this Mediterranean Port from the following clues to its letters:—

My first is in RABBIT, but not in CONY.
My next is in MULE, but not in PONY.
My third is in WEASEL, not in STOAT.
My fourth is in IBEX, not in GOAT.
My fifth is in CATTLE, yet not in OX.
My sixth is in VIXEN, not in FOX.
My seventh's in REINDEER, not in STAG.
My eighth is in RACEHORSE, not in NAG.
My ninth is in LION, not in BEAR.
My tenth is in STALLION, and in MARE.

(Answer on Page 3.)

With Our Roving Cameraman



TAIL PIECE.

Little feller in the district around Tanganyika hitches up with the donkeys going to the distant farm; and he brings the milk in a can, on a trolley of his own make. Why doesn't the little feller get up astride one of the donkeys, too? Well, it just never occurs to him. That would be thinking, and thinking means head-work. And it is hot enough, anyway.

under the bedstead). It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents beyond a few old letters and other papers of little consequence.

"Of Madame L'Espanaye no traces were here seen, but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fireplace, a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter, head downward, was dragged therefrom, it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm."

"Upon examining it, many excoriations were perceived, no doubt occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disen-

gaged. Upon the face were many severe scratches, and, upon the throat, dark bruises and deep indentations of finger-nails, as if the deceased had been throttled to death."

"After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house, without further discovery, the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off. The body as well as the head was fearfully mutilated, the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity."

"To this horrible mystery there is not, as yet, we believe, the slightest clue."

(To be continued)

ALWAYS

(Written after a quarrel.)
Into the night I turn, must go,
Tears come soft into your eyes,
Gentle eyes, oh, tell me so,
Tell this burning that in me lies,
Tell me I leave you happy, dear,
Perhaps with mem'ry, tender, sweet.
Every hour the day comes near.
Till one morn in joy complete,
Together we come, our life to start.
Love sublime, love that stays.
Keep on smiling, my dear heart,
Until that dawn, and I am yours, Always.

A. W.

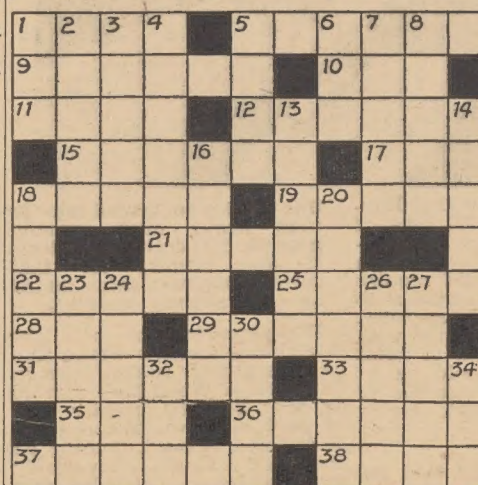
(What was the quarrel about? See Page 3.)

USELESS EUSTACE



"—And now read the last line, please—!"

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Lean over.
- 5 Scanty.
- 9 Stick.
- 10 Throat wrap.
- 11 Caution.
- 12 Recess.
- 15 Confused heap.
- 17 Number.
- 18 Reptile.
- 19 Assignment.
- 21 Angry.
- 22 Stem.
- 25 Attempt.
- 28 Outfit.
- 29 Animal shelters.
- 31 Planet.
- 33 Trees.
- 35 Arrangement of sails etc.
- 36 Small tower.
- 37 Stores for future.
- 38 Whirl.

CLUES DOWN.

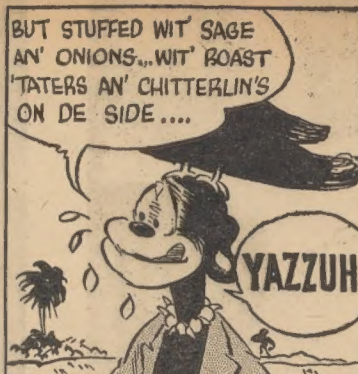
- 1 Rule.
- 2 One of the U.S.A.
- 3 Rhododendron.
- 4 Pea shoot.
- 5 Ground grain.
- 6 Rudiments.
- 7 Black.
- 8 Washes.
- 13 Zed.
- 14 Recorded item.
- 16 Not so light.
- 18 Tuns.
- 20 Give back.
- 23 Coronet.
- 24 Garret.
- 26 Bit of broken pottery.
- 27 Requested.
- 30 Insects.
- 32 Ory of disgust.
- 34 Swelling.

IRIDESCENCE
N MONTANA V
POP IRK ORE
EXE DIE MEN
RILE C TILT
D ATTAR I
MITRE BOLES
OZONE SUAVE
PEWIT ENDED
E ENHANCE G
DODGE TENSE

JANE



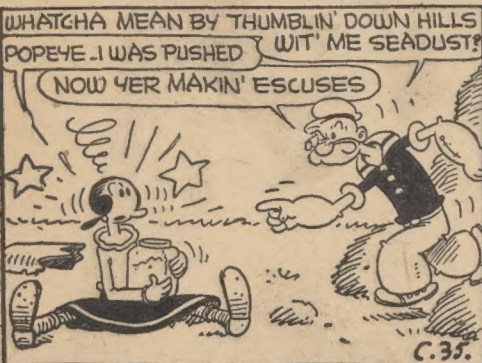
BEELZEBUB JONES



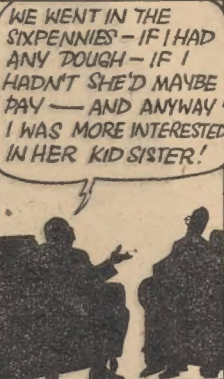
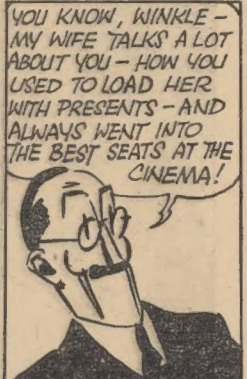
BELINDA



POPEYE



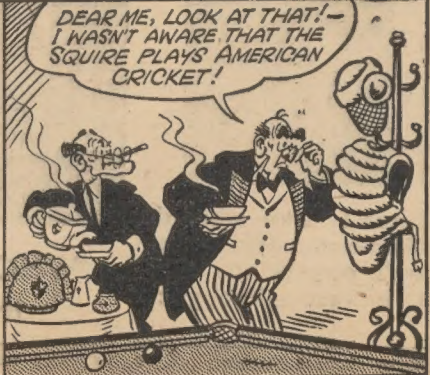
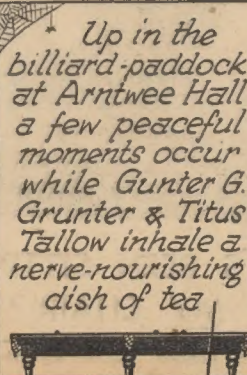
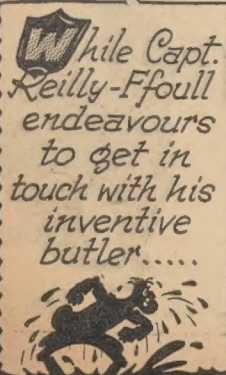
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



MILLIER'S SPORTS FLASHBACK

THERE was a prevalent belief some years ago that athletes died young. Just how this arose I cannot say, but I can say that nearly all the old athletes of my acquaintance have greatly outlived their friends who had never unduly exerted themselves.

I am reminded of this by the recent death of a very famous athlete, J. E. Fowler-Dixon, who, despite all his exertions, lived to the remarkably good age of 93.

He set up many records as an amateur athlete, and one which has stood unbeaten for 59 years—a record in itself. This was his record of running 40 miles in 4hrs. 46mins. 54secs. in 1884. In addition to this he held the 50-miles record for 28 years.

J. E. Fowler-Dixon may be said to have lived for athletics, as he never ceased to be actively engaged in the welfare of track sport. He founded the Athletic News Agency, and was one of the last surviving founders of the Amateur Athletic Association, of which he was selected a Vice-President in 1922.

The late Sir Montague Shearman, P.C., one time judge of the King's Bench Division, did more than any one man to further the interests of amateur athletics, and he more than once paid tribute to the assistance given by Fowler-Dixon.

The A.A.A. was formed in Sir Montague Shearman's rooms in Oxford in 1880, and he became the Association's first Hon. Secretary.

Leaving Merchant Taylor's School with a scholarship at St. John's College, Oxford, Montague Shearman soon revealed his athletic talents. He was prominent at 100 yards and the quarter-mile, was a powerful Rugby player, a good boxer, sculler and swimmer. At the age of 24 he swam the Niagara River, below the Falls.

He never lost his interest in Amateur Athletics, and was happy to be President of the Association for so many years. There was nothing stiff and starchy about Sir Montague Shearman. Above all he was not a snob, and he hated snobbery. As there was a good deal of snobbery in connection with the early days of amateur athletics, it was largely due to Sir Montague Shearman that it has been frowned upon and almost suppressed.

In one of his speeches at an annual general meeting he indicated some of the difficulties that attended the control of amateur athletics when he first became Hon. Secretary. The Northerners and Midlanders wanted to promote separate championships, and he had to bring them together, which he did. He also mentioned that there were many people who did not want to see anybody competing who was not a gentleman.

He recollected a conference called by the London Athletic Club, when a whole body of the club members resigned because the entry of a very fine walker, who was employed at Messrs. Whiteleys, and who won the walking championship, had been accepted for an open race at a London Athletic Club meeting.

This charge of snobbery could not be levelled at Oxford University, who founded the A.A.A. Those who were present at the inaugural meeting expressed the opinion that there should be one championship meeting, and that it should be open to everybody who was a genuine amateur.

Sir Montague was not a lover of too many rules and regulations. Referring to the annual general meetings, he said:—

"The Association has, I think, a great many regulations which are unnecessary, because I have always found that when somebody does something, or a club does not do what is quite the thing, and of which everybody disapproves, many people want to pass a resolution against somebody being allowed to compete. They trust the clubs; they do not trust athletes. I do. All should have the interest of the sport at heart, and the best test for athletics is a wholesome public opinion, and not punitive legislation."

ALWAYS

Into the pub I went, and sat
With half a pint; and "chewed the fat"—
The crisis of a day of strife.
Who done it all? Of course, the Wife!
I let her know just where she stands.
She's off to "mother's"—off my hands!
I'm through (I told her), through for good.
It ain't the first time that I've stood
Her jaw, her tantrums, and her "right"
To say, when I come home—well, "tight,"
That she's been waiting, as agreed,
To see a film that night. Indeed,
I'd clean forgot; but what of that?
MY pals come first, I told her flat.
I told her, too, that I'm the boss,
And if my wage went on a hoss,
That lost a place by half a head,
You can't blame ME. That's what I said.
"I've stood enough." That's what I says.
For I'M the one that counts
ALWAYS!

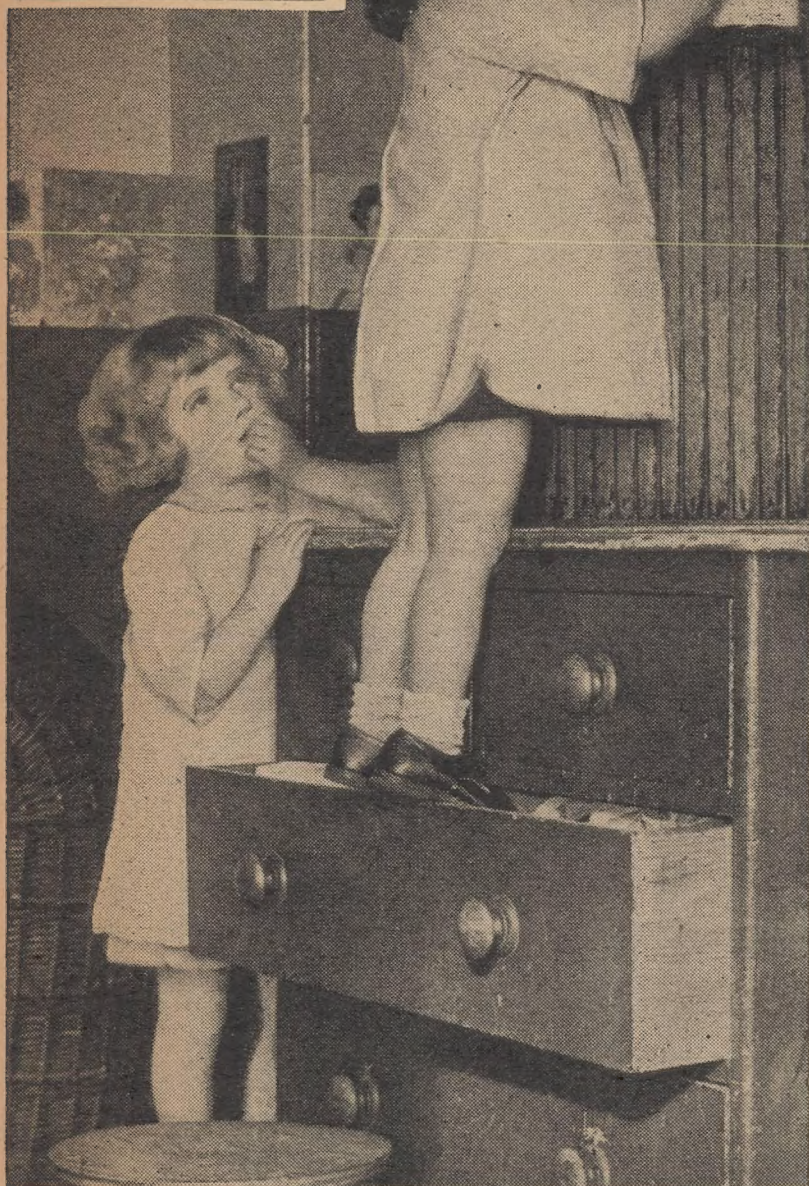
(And then he is surprised at the quarrel!)

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) LECTURE & ADDRESS.
(b) TOUGH & TENDER.

Solution to Mediterranean
Ports.
ALEXANDRIA.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



"Quite all right to put the bally milk way up out of the way of cats and things; but, dash it, what a precarious position one has to get up to. I'm sure Jill will fall, and, oh, dear me, I can't bear to think what will happen then!"



"Gosh! Doesn't she try a dog's patience! I've waited here, all dressed for a walk, for over half-an-hour, and she's still 'phoning that guy. Not that I don't appreciate the importance of love—just the opposite, in fact—I've got a date myself!"



* This England *

A view of the market town of Shepton Mallet, near Wells, Somerset, showing the well-known Cross.



WHO'S BEEN SITTING
IN MY CHAIR?



* Brenda Marshall, lovely star of Warner Bros., takes a look round before mounting the diving-board. *

OUR CAT SIGNS OF

"The sort of 'dive' I'd love, for a change."

